

Particular
Malfunction

MARS

2027



WELCOME
TO THE FOURTH ISSUE
OF
PARTICULAR MALFUNCTION
THE SPECIAL
MARS 2027
INSTALMENT
SO ENJOY YOURSELVES
PUT THIS IN YOUR POCKET, AND
READ IT LATER. YOU GOTTA
PARTY TO DANCE AT!!

ZEK -

Fast times.

When the world was young there was a man, we should call him Adam " cuz I don't know his real name. Well you see he had the hots or this groovy looking chick we'll call Eve 'cuz I don't know her real name either. Adam had the biggest hardon for her and he had no idea how to get her attention so he thought why not bonk her on the head and drag her away by her hair, needless to so this didn't impress her in the least. So she tried to run away and one day she succeeded. Adam never ever saw her again.

So the next girl he saw was just as beautiull but she didn't have Eve's charm or wit, so he ignored her at all cost. She pursued him to the point of actually bonking him on the head and dragging him away by the hair. Adam didn't like being a prisoner very much so he planed and plotted or an escape. His chance came and boy did he take it. He was gone!

He went searching or his one true love Eve but had a hard time finding her, or eve like all women was very clever, and cunning. She was not found until she wanted to be found. So Adam told her how stupid he was or pulling such a stupid stunt, as bonking her over the head and dragging her away. Then he asked her why she unlike every other girl was not impressed with brute strength. She showed him the forbidden mushroom and he asked her what to do. She said that the chieftens had forbidden any one rom eating the mushroom because it showed them that the chiefs were not the gods the claimed to be. So he ate the mushroom and talked to God, God said to him that Humans were just animals till this moment. He told them that they would have to show others the way. They were sad. God asked them why there were sad. We see so many bad things now, before we could not see now we are not blind.

WHAT IS PARTICULAR MALFUNCTION??

Particular Malfunction started out as a loosely nit group of individuals who's dreams included writing a zine. A zine devoid of rummer bullshit, one that entertained in a slick looking format, one that had few if any advertising in it, one that was there for fun. Two years ago we published our first issue and this is our fourth, we're kind of lazy too.

At some point at some point we decided that we would like to throw parties so we could bring our wacky fun to a whole new level - this all happened after our alien abduction, where we met Eric - Network 10 (an alien hybrid). The aliens told us of our (the human race's) evolution, an evolution that, with the help of party people and people like us, will take us to a whole new level. The aliens left out major parts of our evolution- telling us they didn't want to spoil the surprise.

They also left us with the with the inability to catch and correct ,our type-Os. We were responsible for the MARS:2027 flyers, if you hadn't guessed. Type-Os have sort of become our trademark. While others strive to remove type-O and make there zine perfect, so do we. We just can't.

People ask us about our name and how it come about. We believe that it was placed into our subconscious by the aliens so we would know when they were coming. for example while driving on an extremely rural road our radio went out and I said "I've never experienced that **PARTICULAR MALFUNCTION** before, and they came. So the next time you think out of the blue **PARTICULAR MALFUNCTION** your about to have visitors.

Poems and Junk

Brahma

*If the red slayer think he slays,
Or I the slain think he is slain,
They know not the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.*

*Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear;
And one to me are shame and fame.*

*They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.*

*The strong gods pine on my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven;
But thou, meek lover of a good!
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven!*

Henry David Thoreau

Excerpt from WEAVEWORLD- Clive Barker

There was one comfort in this: that perhaps his newfound stoicism suited better the function of solitary librarian. He would be vigilant, but he would anticipate nothing, neither disaster nor revelation.

That was not to say he would give up looking to the future. True, he was just a Cuckoo: scared and weary and alone. But so, in the end, were most of his tribe: it didn't mean all was lost. As long as they could still be moved by a minor chord, or brought to a crisis of tears by scenes of lovers reunited; as long as there was room in their cautious hearts or games of chance, and laughter in the face of God, that must surely be enough to save them, at the last.

If not, there was no hope or any living thing.

*"What is REAL?"

asked the rabbit one day when they were lying side by side near the nursery ender, before Nana came to tidy the room. "Does it mean having things that buzz inside you and a stickout handle?"

"REAL isn't how you're made," said the Skin Horse. "It's a thing that happens to you when a child loves you or a long, long time, not just to play with, but REALLY loves you, then you become real"

"DOES it hurt?" asked the Rabbit.

"Sometimes," said the skin horse, or he was always truthful. "When you are real you don't mind being hurt"

Does it happen all at once, like being all wound up," he asked, "or bit by bit?"

"It doesn't happen all at once," said the skin horse. "you become. It takes a long time. That's why it doesn't often happen to people who break easily, or who have sharp edges, or who have to be carefully kept. Generally, by the time your REAL, most o your hair has been loved off, and your eyes drop out and you get loose in the joints and very shabby, but these things don't matter at all, because once you are REAL, you can't be ugly, except to people who don't understand."

Margery Williams
"THE VELVETEEN RABBIT"

Hope

Do you believe in a silly thing called hope?
Do you expect the best?
Do you always laugh and smile?

Are you blind?
Do you want to know what I see?
I see love and hate,
I see life and death,
I see the beginning and the possible end

Seeing is only the first step!
Destiny is a myth,
If you can see, you can change

ZER



CONFUCIUS

ON MUSIC

"Music rises from the human heart when the human heart is touched by the external world. When touched by the external world, the heart is moved, and therefore finds its expression in sounds. These sounds echo, or combine with, one another and produce a rich variety, and when the various sounds become regular, then we have rhythm."

"Music rises from the human heart. When the emotions are touched, they are expressed in sounds, and when the sounds take definite forms, we have music. Therefore the music of a peaceful and prosperous country is quiet and joyous, and the government is orderly; the music of a country in turmoil shows dissatisfaction and anger, and the government is chaotic; and the music of a destroyed country shows sorrow and remembrance of the past and the people are distressed. Thus we see music and government are directly connected to one another."

"When you see the type of a nation's dance, you know its character..."

Therefore, the superior man tries to create harmony in the human heart by a rediscovery of human nature, and tries to promote music as a means to the perfection of human culture. When such music prevails and the people's mind are led toward the right ideals and aspirations, we may see the appearance of a great nation."

"The principle of music may be known. A performance should begin peacefully, then it develops into full harmony and clarity, and closes with a continuation or repetition of the theme."

MY



Every one's got there own personal Idea where our party people are headed and where where taken the scene. Now I've seen a lot of positive ideas floating around out there but I hear people saying a lot of negative things about where this crazy rave things going! People who complain need to think about the problems, find a solution or them, and move forward. Unlike the Dead Heads we are not all followers, we are leaders, we are the ones who built this scene to what it is and if we see a problem we can change our scene and make it better. So where is the rave thing going? Any fucking place we want so get off your lazy ass and do something about all this crazy shit you don't like. Not only does this apply to the rave scene but the entire world. One person can make a difference, ten can sway the opinion of the nation, fifty can change the world.

You may notice that I use a lot of ideas from other sources than just my own personal experiences, such as my page devoted solely to the wisdom of Confucius. Why when I put a lot of effort in writing a zine would I dedicate whole pages to people who have been dead for hundreds even thousands of years? Why would I waste my time presenting ideas that have been told in a hundred different ways over many years? Why would I dig through old books that have no bearing on how we live? Well I haven't wasted my time, because it's all very real, it applies to us all, we have to study our rich history to have a rich future.

Sixty percent of our generation's parents where divorced, we grew up too fast, we took a lot of responsibility at a early age. We raised ourselves, we made our own supper, did our own laundry, found our own way in a very crazy world. So why do we need such a large government to tell us what to do? We did ok up till now so lets get rid of our big brother and create our own world. This may sound difficult it may even require effort.

Life's a funny thing, all the twists and turns, all the paths to take. How can we live a good life with all the confusion, with all the forces pulling us every which way? Is it even possible? I think it is, all you have to do is listen to yourself, you may have to find what you are and were you belong, but it is a worthwhile goal. If you don't like what you find, all it takes is the will to change yourself. Remember the only voice you can trust is your own.

What defines a person, is it their possessions, their job, their connections? I think what defines a person is their knowledge, the people they choose to call their friends, the life they lead, the person they love, the people they admire, the ideas they hold in their heart, the life they lead.

ACCEPT WHAT YOU CAN NOT CHANGE,
CHANGE WHAT YOU CANNOT ACCEPT.

network 10

a visual guide



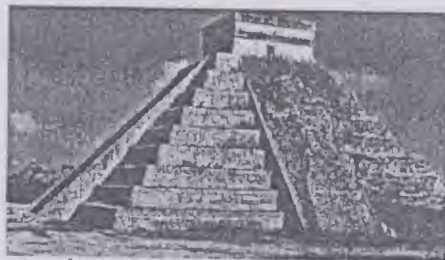
we were bad boys



who showed us the way



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UNITE



illuminate

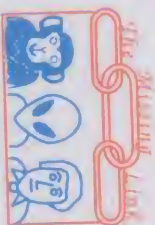


WORKSHOP



GLOBAL TAKEOVER

A long time ago we took a major part in the evolution of mankind.



We have come to reintegrate ourself into your society be it peacefully or by



If success is not achieved we will terminate opposition and create a new civilization through



THE MAGICIAN.

With one hand pointed toward heaven and one
pointed toward the Earth, the young magician
understands the forces of our world.

A good sign.





Apple Juice

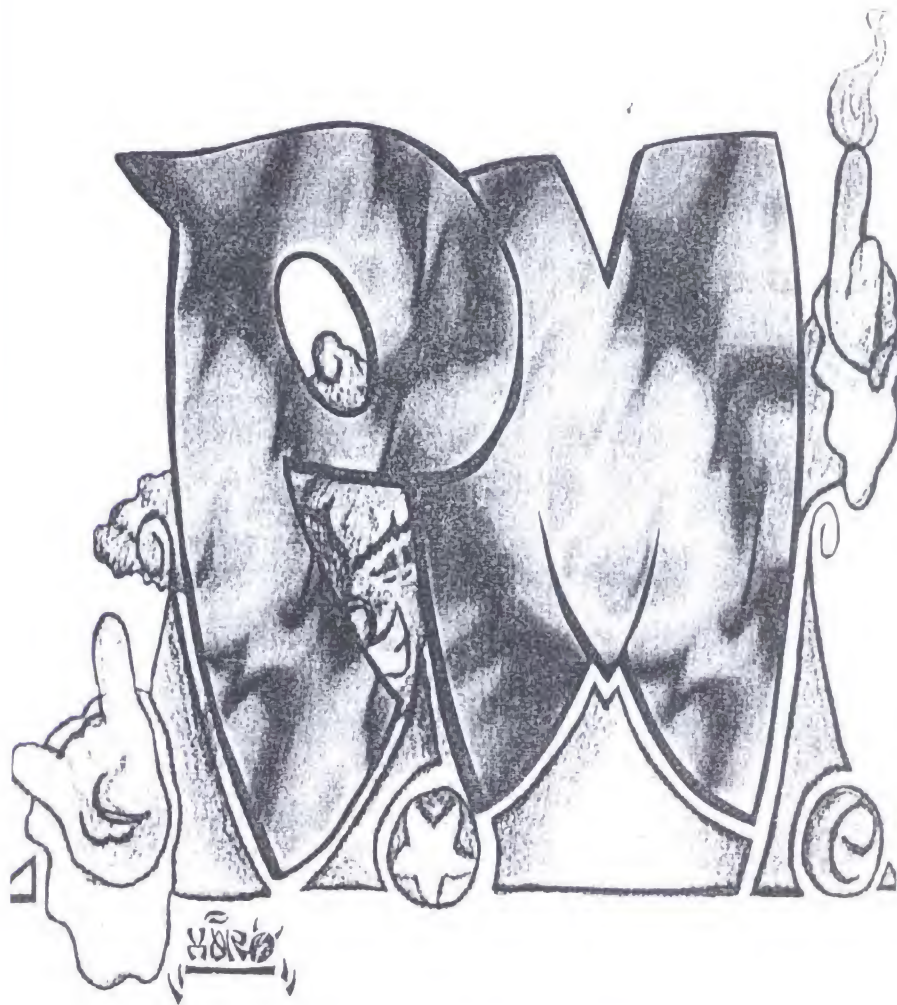
Apple juice is funky and fills me with thoughts of love. Infectious kisses drive us together with tantalizing thoughts of more than any pleasure imaginable. My mind is filled with luscious, tangled dreams that flutter and float, but clarity intertwines all mixed feelings, touching glances, sensitive motions. Carma brings smiles. Lashes full of passion draw me into lustful eyes. Bellybuttons attract piercings especially cute ones. Tomorrow is the first day of the rest of yesterday and years to pass. However some day sneaks up rather slowly. Shocking realizations, inquisitive minds Metamorphasize together in a butterfly way. Pink is pretty but orange causes stares from hiptified strangers. Psychedelic purple mushrooms and glorified groovy acid keep phunkedelic ideas a flowin' on waves of paper. Now do as I wish with treasures untold or find someone special whose heart is not cold. Wait for us calmly while holding hands melt together, we ran with the swiftness of humming birds winging motionlessly. We tried unfailingly to keep moving our dreams that only you can make sense of.

The End

by Cy & Mindy



PARTICULAR MALFUNCTION



PROUDLY PRESENTS
ISSUE 4



ONE DAY

One day on the way to a rad ass party somewhere in the midwest, I pulled over at a park. The park had a stream o the purest water, it spoke to me. "I move slowly singing my song for all who listen to hear." It sang the song for me. The song was gentle, but strong. Melodic yet steady. I thanked the steam and moved on.

I came upon a tree, hundreds of years old. It also spoke to me. "I move slowly at the roots, but I also bend with the wind." It also sang to me. It's song was very subtle and rhythmic, the tree told me, through the song the story of what it's seen. The tree has seen the lie and death of many creatures and is most impressed with human children so innocent and wide eyed. I thanked the tree and moved on.

I came upon a rock millions of years old. It spoke "I have rested hear for thousands of years, I am the closest to the earth." It also sang me a song. It's song was sad and slow. I asked "Why with all this beauty surrounding you, do you sing such a sad song?" It replied "My mother is sick and we all must help her. She is your mother too. If she is not helped soon she will help herself."

A warning.

THIS IS THE END OF THE
SPECIAL INSTALMENT OF
PARTICULAR
MALFUNCTION. IF YOU DUG
OUR CRAZY ZINE LET US
KNOW. IF YOU ENJOYED
MARS 2027 LET US KNOW
THAT TO. LOOK FOR
FUTURE EVENTS BY
PARTICULAR MALFUNCTION
AND OUR FRIENDS.
REMEMBER PARTY PEOPLE,
YOU ARE THE FUTURE!!



Zehn